ANEGLOGVE. GRATVLATORIE.

Entituled:

¶ To the right honorable, and renowmed *Shepheard of Albions Arcadia:* Robert Earle of *Essex* and *Ewe*, for his vvelcome *into England from* Portugall.

BODLEIANA BIBLIOTHECA

Done by *George Peele.* Maister of arts in Oxon.

AT LONDON;

Printed by Richard Jones, and are to be solde at the signe of the Rose and Crowne, ouer against the Faulcon. 1589.

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To the right honorable, and renowned
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THE RIGHT HONORA-ble Earle of Essex his welcom into England, from Portugall.

Piers. Palinode.

Dicite Io Pæan, & Io bis dicite Pæan,
In Patriam rediit magnus Apollo *suam.*

PALINODE.

HErdgrome, vvhat gars thy pipe to goe so loud?
Why bin thy bookes so smicker and so proud?
Perdie plaine *Piers*, but this couthe ill agree,
With thilke bad fortune, that ay thvvarteth thee.

Piers.

That thvvarteth me, good *Palinode*, is fate,
Yborne vvas *Piers* to be infortunate.
Yet shall my Bagpipe go so loud and shrill,
That heauen may entertaine my kind good vvill.
Io Io Pæan.

Palinode.

Sot I say, Lose l, leudest of all svvaines,
Singest thou proud *Pæans* on these open plaines?
So ill sitteth this straine, this lostie note,
With thy rude tire, and gray russet cote.

Piers.

Gray as my cote is, greene all are my cares,
My grasse to drosse, my corne is turned to tares:
Yet euen and morrovv vvill I neuer lin,
To make my crovvd speake as it did begin.

Io Io Pæan.

Palinode.

Thou art too crancke, and crovvdest all to hie,
Bevvare a Chip fall not into thine eie:
(Man) if *Triumphals* heere be in request, (best.
Then let them chaunt them, that can chaunt them

Piers.

Thou art a sovvre syvvaine *Palinode* perdie,
My Bagpipe vaunteth not of victorie:
Then give me leaue, sonizance to make,
For chiualrie, and louely learnings sake.

Io Io Pæan.

Palinode.

Thou hardy *Herdsman*, darest thou of Arms chaunt
Sike verse I tell thee, ought haue a great vaunt:
Then hovv may thy boldnes scape a fine frumpe,
Warres Laud, is matter for the brasen Trumpe.

Piers.

Of Armes to sing, I haue nor lust nor skill,
Enough is me, to blazon my good vvill:

To

To vvelcome home that long hath lacked beene,
One of the iollieſt *Shepherds* of our Greene.

Io Io Pæan.

P*alinode.*

Tell me good *Piers*, I pray thee tell it me,
What may thilk iollie ſvvaine of ſhepherd be?
Or vvhence ycomen? that he thus vvelcome is,
That thou art all ſo blithe to ſee his bliſſe.

P*iers.*

P*alinode*, thou makeſt a double demaund,
Which I vvill anſvvere, as I vnderſtand.
Yet vvill I not forget, ſo God me mend,
To pipe lovvd P*æans* as my *Stanzaes* end.

Io Io Pæan.

Thilk Shepheard (*Palinode*) vvhom my pipe praiſeth,
Whoſe glory, my reed to the vvelkin raiſeth:
He is a great *Herdgroome*, certes, but no ſvvaine,
Saue hers that is the *Flowre of* Phœbes *plaine*.

Io Io Pæan.

He is vvel alied and loued of the beſt, (Creſt:
Well thevved, faire and francke, and famous by hys
His *Raine Deere* racking vvith proud & ſtately pace,
Giueth to his flocke a right beautifull grace.

Io Io Pæan.

He waits where our great *Shepherdesse* doth wunne,
He plaieth in the shade, and thriueth in the Sunne:
He shineth on the plaines, his lustie flocke him by,
As when *Apollo* kept in *Arcadie*.

Io Io Paean.

Fellow in Armes he was, in their flowing deies,
With that great *Shepherd* good *Philisides*:
And in sad sable did I see him dight,
Moning the misse of *Pallas* peereles Knight.

Io Io Paean.

With him he seru'd, and watcht and waited fate,
To keepe the grim Wolfe from *Elizaes* gate:
And for their *Mistresse* thoughten these two swains,
They moughten neuer take too mickle paines.

Io Io Paean.

But, ah for griefe, that iolly groome is dead,
For whome the *Muses* siluer teares haue shed:
Yet in this louelie swaine, source of our glee,
Mun all his Vertues syweet reuiuen bee.

Io Io Paean.

Palinode.

So moughten they *Piers*, and happilie thriue,
To keepen this *Herdsman* after death aliue:

But

But vvhence I pray thee, tel me, come is hee,
For vvhome thy Pipe and *Pæans* make ſuch glee?

Piers.

Certes Sir *Shepheard*, commen he is fro far,
Fro vvrath of deepeſt Seas and ſtorme of War:
Safe is he come, O ſvvell my Pipe vvith ioy,
To the olde buildings of *Nue reared Troy*.
Io Io Pæan.

Fro Sea, fro Shore, vvhere he vvith ſvvinck and ſvveat
Felt *Foemans* rage, and Sommers parching heat:
Safe is he come, laden vvith Honors ſpoile,
O ſvvell my Pipe vvith ioy, and breake the vvhile.
Io Io Pæan.

Palinode.

Thou fooliſh ſvvaine that thus art ouerioied,
Hovv ſoone may heere thy courage be accoyed:
If he be one come nevv fro *Weſterne* coaſt,
Small cauſe hath he or thou for him to boaſt.

I ſee no Palme, I ſee no Laurell bovves,
Circle his temples, or adorne his brovves,
I heare no Triumphes for this late returne,
But many a *Herdſman* more diſpoſde to morne.

Piers.

Pale lookeſt thou like Spite, proud P*alinode*,
Venter doth loſſe, and vvarre dothe danger bode:
But thou art of thoſe *Harueſters* I ſee,
Would at one ſhocke, ſpoile all the P*hilherd-Tree*.
Io Io Pæan.

For ſhame I ſay, giue Vertue honors due.
Ile pleaſe the *Shepherd*, but by telling true:
Palme maiſt thou ſee, and Baies about his head,
That all his flocke, right forvvardly hath led.
Io Io Pæan.

But vvoe is me levvd lad, fames full of lies,
Enuie doth ay true honors deeds deſpiſe,
Yet chiualrie vvill mount vvith glorious vvings,
Spite all and neſtle neere the ſeat of kings.
Io Io Pæan.

Baſe thrall is he, that is foule ſlaunders ſlaue,
To pleaſen all, vvhat vvight may him behaue:
Yea, I*ones* great ſonne though he vvere novv aliue,
Mought find no vvay thilk labour to atchiue.
Io Io Pæan.

Palinode.

Well pleadſt thou (gentle Lad) for this great peere,
Then tell me ſith but thou and I am here?
Did not thick Bagpipe man vvhich thou doſt blovv
A farevvell on our Souldiers erſt beſtovv?

Hovv yſt then, thicke great *Shepherd* of the field,
To vvhome our ſvvaines, ſike hũble beiſance yeild:
And thou theſe Laudes and labours ſeriouſlie,
Was in that vvorke, not mencioned ſpeciallie.

Piers.

Harke *Palinode*, me dare not ſpeake to lovvd,
Hence vvas he raught, vvrapt in a fierie cloud:
With *Mars* his *Viceroy, and a golden Drake*,
So that of him, me durſt no notice take.

Jo Io Pæan.

But novv returnd, to royallize his fame,
Whoſe mightie thoughts, at Honors *Tropheis* aime:
Leaſt vvorthily, I moughten vvitned bee,
I vvelcome him vvith Shepherds country glee.

Io Io Pæan.

And of his dread aduentures here ſing I,
Equiuolent vvith the *Punic Chiualrie:*

That brake his Launce, with terror and renowne,
Against the gates of slaughtered *Rhemus Towne.*

Io Io Pæan.

And was the first of many thousands more,
That at *Penechia* waded to the shore:
There couthe he lead his landed flocke so far,
Till a was left of men approoued in ward.

Io Io Pæan.

O Honors fire, that not the brackish Sea,
Mought quench, nor *Foemans* fearefull Larums lay:
So high those golden flakes done mount and clime,
That they exceed the reach of *Shepherds* rime.

Io Io Pæan.

Palinode.

What boot thy welcomes, fooliſh hardie ſwaine,
Lowder pipes then thine, are going on this plaine:
Faire *Elizaes* Laſſes and her great Groomes,
Receiue this *Shepherd* with vnfaigned welcomes.

Honour is in him that doth it beſtowe,
Thy Reed to rough, thy ſeat is all to lowe:
To written ſike praiſe, hadſt thou blithe *Homers* quil
Thou moughteſt haue matter equall with thy skill.

Piers.

Twit me with boldnes, P*alin* as thou wilt,
My good mind be my glorie and my guilt:
Be my praise lesse or mickle, all is one,
His hie deserts deseruen to be knowen.
Io Io P*æan.*

So cease my pipe, the worthies to record,
Of thilke great *Shepherd*, of thicke faire yong Lord:
Leaue him with lucke, to those well tuned Laies,
That better ken to sound sike *Shepherds* praies.
Io Io P*æan.*

Now time is neere to pen our Sheepe in folde,
And Euening aire, is rumaricke and colde:
For my late Songs, plead thou my pure good will,
Though Newcome once (Braue Earle) yet welcome still.
Io Io P*æan.*

FINIS.